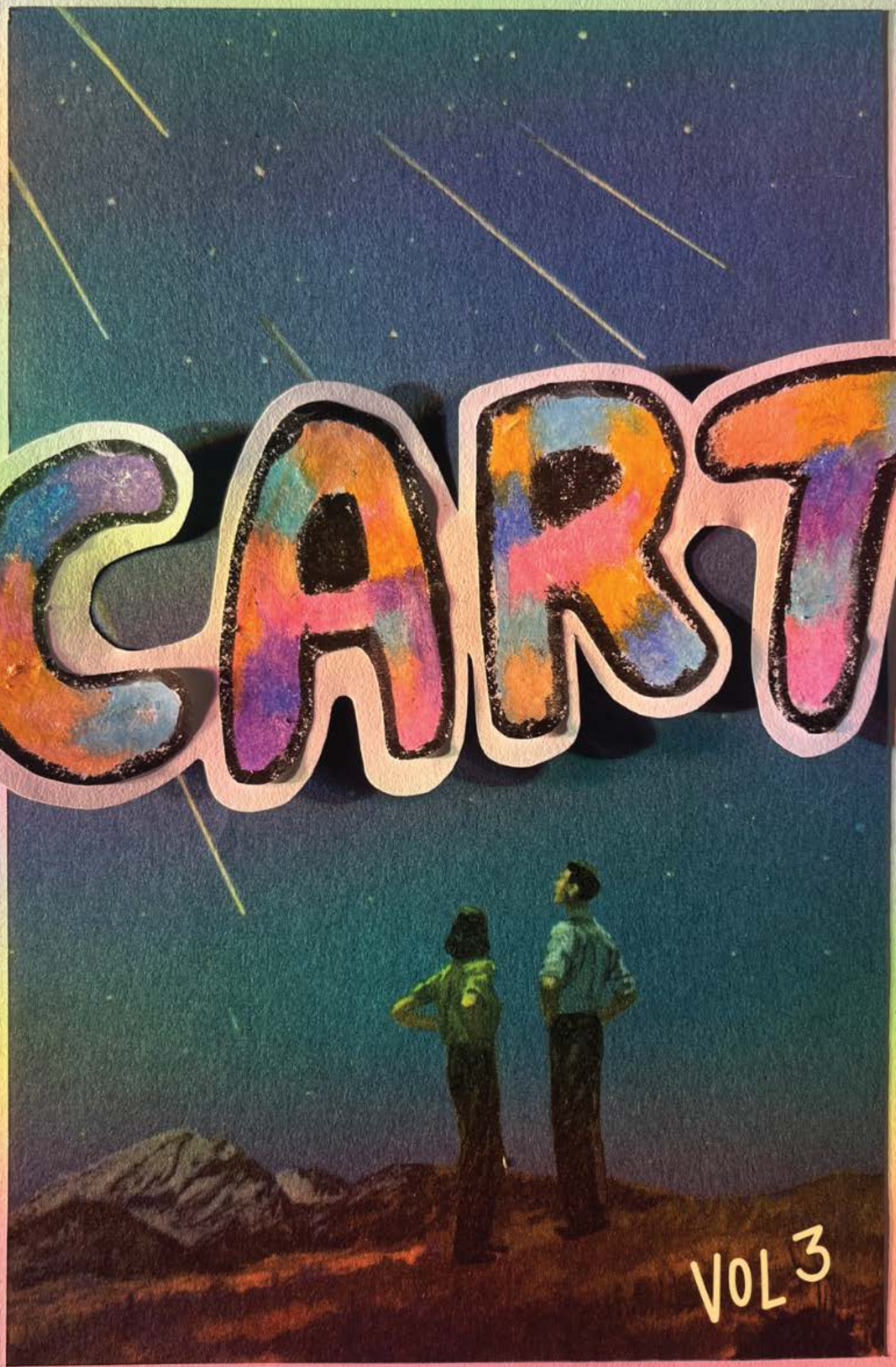
CART



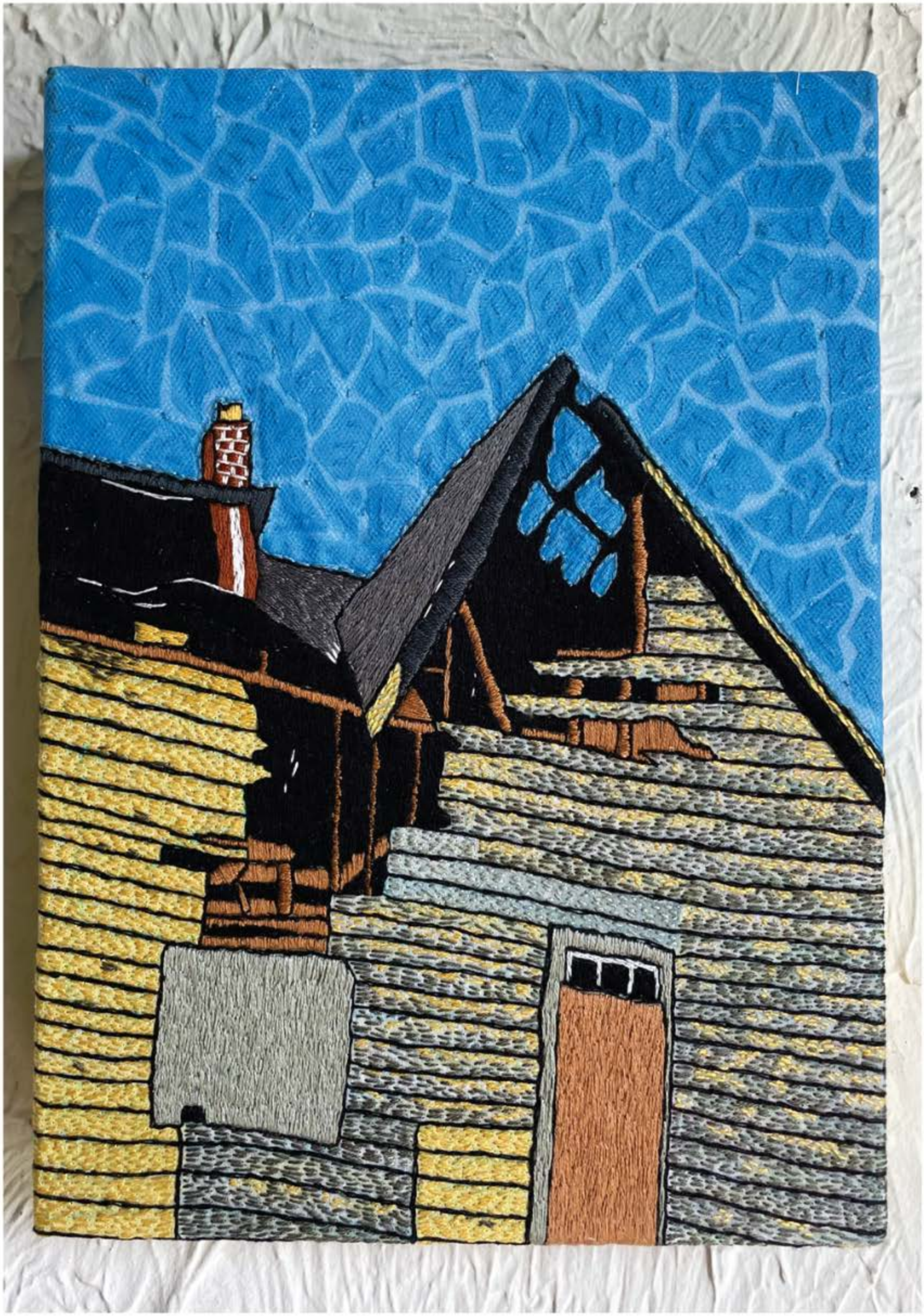
'Learning to Live Within My Skin' * *Ballpoint Pen on Paper, 2024*
Tanmoy Kayesen

between bare-branched limbs of wintered trees
a bird's call echoes an old screen door
moss like tiny stars, huddle
close together
bright-green,
not yet swallowed up by the newness of spring
i want to lie down
on the forest floor
between
layers of long fallen leaves
and
decompose
but, like the bird,
i choose to be heard
and like the moss,
i choose to take hold

'one-one-twenty-five' * *Charcoal, Colored Pencil & Mixed Media*

MAUREEN

‘Vanishing Point’ ✷ *Digital Photography, 2024* ✷ *Ryan Rong*



‘The lawn is dead’ ✷ *Embroidery and watercolor on cotton fabric, 2024*
Bethany Habegger

‘All things fade away’ ✷ *Watercolor and collaged paper on wood panel, 2024*
Bethany Habegger

spring ephemerals

popping effortlessly up

just past the surface

to lift our sorrows

and remind us all; goodness

comes around again

it lives in moments

we create in space and time

neighbors, friends, strangers

hold one another

make the goodness stick around

once, twice, forever

'1-2-forever'

MAUREEN

M.F.

Ma'am this man met me on the moon
but when I said more he said,
"move, move."

Midnight was madness and now Monday
mornings spent mourning –
thought it was magic,
might've been manic.

Mixed messes and a missed text message
Made me a part of the mean – please,
no mention of me.

Now I'm mental, menstrual –
craving menthol.

Ma'am this man made me the main mistake in
my movie and now –
I'm left to mend many months,
with merely the memories of
my meek moments.

Ma'am this isn't the moon it's a monsoon and I
can't move
my mantra now miserable no longer mystical
I thought this mister would miss me when he
kissed me but no
this isn't magic I'm in panic
I don't need a minute I need a medic
Ma'am –

I fabricated this fantasy,
but never foresaw this fallout.

Now filled with a frigid flood of fear that all
fairytales are fiction,
and forever a farce.

I thought for always would come to fruition and
you felt a fad turning into fatigue.
A fabulist in my fabrics feeding me faulty
factives.

Farewell to some fond four nights
and a familiar friend turned foreign.

Who knew there was a fee when forging for a
feeling.

E.M.

'Narcissus' * *Hand-carved linocut print, layered paper*

MAUREEN

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